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been previously in use among the pagan Irish priests, as Vallancey and others state. We know, that amongst the Hebrews the horn was used in religious ceremonies. It was the office of the sons of Heman, the Levite, "to lift up the horn." Chr. 1, ch. 23, v. 5. The origin of our trumpets might, with much greater rationality, be attributed to the Romans, for their *Lituus*, as engraved in Montfaucon's antiquities, appears to have been exactly similar to the trumpet above; and an instrument of this kind, supposed to have been Roman, has been found near Battle, in Sussex, a plate of which was given to the public by Grose, in his *Treatise on ancient armour*. But the Romans had no connection with Ireland, and it is most probable that they and the Irish derived their trumpets from a common Celtic source. P.

### ON DRAM-DRINKING.

By MARTIN DOYLE, Author of "Hints to Small Farmers," &c. &c.

Of all the pernicious habits to which the working classes of the British Islands are addicted, there is not one more injurious in its effects than that of indulgence in the use of ardent spirits.

I shall not enter into a calculation of the astounding number of gallons of liquid poison sold in England, under the name of gin, nor of the no less enormous quantity of whiskey vended in Scotland and in our own country; nor shall I stop to grumble against our Government for the encouragement which they afford to the demoralizing consumption of spirituous drink, farther than to *hint* that, if ever I shall become Chancellor of the Exchequer (and more unlikely things have happened within the last two or three years), I shall act upon my present conviction, that the best mode of arresting the fatal propensity for dram-drinking, is by taxing the materials of it so highly, and by reducing the number of poison-venders so effectually, as to place the means and the multiplied temptations to excess beyond the reach of those who abuse the existing facilities to their own destruction. I admit that there are difficulties in the way of taxations and prohibitions which I would impose; and these I will fairly consider and argue with my Lord Althorp, whenever we may be face to face (though on opposite sides) in the Hall of St. Stephens—such as, smuggling, illicit distillation, and injury to barley growers; but the difficulties are not insuperable.

The system at present pursued by the legislature is to raise a revenue without any regard to moral consequences, as if its amount, however great, could counterbalance the misery which results from the encouragement of a national vice, degrading in its nature and ruinous to countless multitudes; as if the temporary advantage of a few millions of money to the exchequer can compensate for the broken health, ruined happiness, abandoned industry, and annihilated properties and morals of millions of men, to say nothing of the eternal ruin of the immortal soul.

Alas! the baneful effects of drunkenness are but too obvious. The impoverished families which occupy our towns and villages, are sad examples of this contagious and destructive vice. In every street and lane, at every cross-road, the spirit-shop is to be found. Magistrates grant licenses without scruple or investigation. Every where temptation to his besetting sin assails the drunkard; even in the grocer's shop the ready dram of adulterated and deleterious spirit is openly presented, or stealthily dealt out behind a sugar hog'shead surmounted with a pair of tea-chests, as if the other temples of Satan were not sufficiently multiplied for the misery of men.

The cottage, or the lodging room, bears testimony to the degraded character of the occupant: dirty and noisome children in filthiness and rags—seldom or never subjected to the influence of soap and water—rarely sent to school or to their place of religious worship, either because their clothes (if any) are in pawn, or from the total recklessness of the wretched parent, in whose bosom every feeling of conjugal or paternal love is extinguished. He, insensible to the pride of self-respect and honest independence, has not feeling to prefer the happiness of his wife and children to the gratification of his depraved and abominable passion.

The petty pawnbrokers office is a sad nuisance to the community. It is well known that the articles of the poor are in most instances, pledged for liquor; cloaks, gowns, petticoats, aprons, blankets, things essential to their use or comfort, are consigned in pledge, by mothers of families, for sums varying from 3d. to 1s. 6d., and seldom exceeding the latter amount. Those articles which are chiefly in requisition are quickly, nay, daily redeemed; and thus the blanket is made

"A double debt to pay,  
Warmth by night, and whiskey by the day."

To give a notion of the prodigiously disproportioned ratio between the sum lent and the interest paid by the wretched borrower, Mr. Chadwick, of London, in his able report to the poor-law commissioners, has furnished an accurate calculation.

In such cases, the cost of drunkenness is incalculable. The distiller's trade and the publican's vocation are now the most thriving; the infirmities of their fellow creatures become the occasions of their unbalanced profits; and the legislature encourages the moral ruin of our people, with an indifference at which every sober and reflecting person shudders.

When I was young, (a pretty considerable time ago), ardent spirits, comparatively with their present consumption, were used in very small quantities; beer and porter were the general beverage of the lower orders, and the worst effect which resulted from stowing in malt liquor by the gallon was stupefaction or sickness; the brain was not stimulated as it is by the alcohol of whiskey; ferocity of temper, diseased liver, and consumption, were not the general diseases of that day. The moderate drinker had (and still has in England, where ale and beer are consumed) a robust and healthy appearance. The habitual dram-drinker is always an emaciated, sallow creature, indicating, by his very aspect, the poison within; his lips are livid, his breath pestiferous, his eyes dim, his hand trembling, and his nose tipped with blue; he has no appetite for wholesome food, fails in his strength, and prematurely dies.

Unhappily, the taste, in this country, for ardent spirits has become so general that brewers will find great difficulty in recalling or exciting a desire for malt liquor. If, however, spirited individuals or companies would make the experiment of giving such beer as England and Wales, and a few places in Ireland, afford, aided by legislative interference, they might effect much change in the national taste. The habit of fuddling malt liquor is, however, to be guarded against, especially by those who are not hard workers, just as much as any other abuse of the good things which are provided for us.

But to return to the subject of *dram-drinking*, with which we are most familiarized, in this our whiskey-tipping isle. I shall state a few cases of the deplorable effects of it, which have occurred in my own neighbourhood.

The first is that of a regularly bred attorney, who once ranked as a gentleman (not merely by law, but by character); he became an abandoned drinker. By comparison, all our other drunkards were sober men. His clothes (for his relatives, from shame-sake, were obliged to supply them to him occasionally) were regularly either besmeared with mud, from his rolling in the streets, or torn to ribbons in his furious fits, within two or three days from the time of his first receiving them. The boys of the town, in mischief, following him, through the streets, to irritate and excite him, provoked a feeble and unavailing retaliation. Females fled at his approach, for his besotted faculties were void of even the slightest sense of the decencies required by civilized life. When the stupor of each fit was over, should he experience any sensations of hunger, he would eat if a compassionate hand set food before him; but no prudential considerations seemed to warn him that he might want a meal again. On receiving his monthly remittance from his friends, who had sent him to my neighbourhood to avoid the scandal of his presence, it was lavishly poured into the till of some favourite dram-shop, without stop or stint, to supply the demands of his own diseased stomach, or to satisfy the absorbing powers of the drunken and degraded companions in his brutalizing extravagance. Often and often has he been raised up bruised

and bleeding, from the floor of the shop or the pavement of the street, after having fallen from excess of drunkenness, while a thrill of horror seemed to affect the pitying bystanders. He died, half-mad, half drunk, leaving, alas! a world of merciful probation for one of awful retribution.

The second case to which I shall refer is that of a man in humbler life, highly estimable in his character when not under the influence of whiskey. Altogether he is an example of every thing excellent in morals; every body respects and loves him during those lucid intervals. But if he *taste* a single glass, or even spoonful, of spirits, he finds the desire irresistible, and yielding to the influence, goes on, perhaps, for ten days in succession, swallowing drams by wholesale, unless a sentry be placed over him. Sometimes, when he feels the fit coming on, knowing, by woful experience, that he will not have strength of himself to restrain this overwhelming passion, he authorises a friend to lock him up within his bed-room, to put the key in his pocket, and prevent, by every means, the ingress of the maddening liquor, even should he make every effort to obtain it. This mania goes off by great watchfulness on the part of his friends, and he may be trusted to walk about and pursue his business, which, when recovered, he discharges with extreme regularity and propriety. He has lost one or two respectable employments, in consequence of this besetting sin, to the regret of those who were, from respect to their character, compelled to part with him, and who still estimate the general excellence of his temper and mind. No man feels more acutely his temporary aberrations than he himself does; and yet, if he put his lips to a glass of whiskey, or even smell it, notwithstanding the calamitous consequences which he knows will follow, he is unable to resist. If debarred from spirits on such occasions, he will reason collectedly, and yet make every attempt to indulge the destructive gratification—he cannot abstain, even if the world depended on his resolution. When he is awaking from one of his protracted debauches, his feelings and sensations of body and mind are truly horrifying; he cries like a child, laments his infatuation, prays against it, acknowledges his unworthiness in the sight of God and men, is tormented with visions and various hallucinations of his brain, excited, as it has been, almost to a degree of madness by the powerful potations of ardent spirits, which he has taken during the fit, and, at length, slowly recovers his powers. I have never met any individual who presents such indisputable proof, that in some cases of peculiar constitution and temperament, *total abstinence* from stimulating drink must be resolved on.

It has happened to me to have observed many varieties of this mania, all terminating badly.

An English gentleman, dedicated the greater part of the day to the cultivation of a very pretty garden, in which, however, he never remained more than half an hour at a time. The frequent interruptions, and as frequent recurrences, to his gardening pursuits were not without an incentive. His sitting room communicated with the scene of his labour and amusement by a small vestibule, on a shelf in which was placed a large tumbler. A clever and attentive housekeeper gained his warm heart by a strict attention to the state of this tumbler. They never met (there is no scandal in the case), but in all his visits to the garden, and in all his visits from his fascinating culture, *he* never found the tumbler *empty*, and *she* never found it *full*. Her stores of cunning and spirits were always ready to remedy this defect; and thus an *amiable* and *disinterested* attention was, as it were, by magic, offered and received. The labours of the garden went uniformly forward, and without any opportunity for envious remark. Our gardener comes into dinner, after which he limits himself to one bottle of wine and three tumblers of brandy and water, unless when he entertains his friends, which he does in the true spirit of hospitality. His evenings are sometimes passed abroad; he drops in for a *cup of tea*, but no sooner does the tea-urn appear than he asks for a tumbler and a *little* brandy; and, whether he plays backgammon or drafts, his skill is kept in vigour by repeated tumblers. He is the last to retire, which at a late hour he does, and on arriving in his room, is sure to find something *comfortable* at his bed side to make him sleep. It was said to him, by a friend, “Mr. R—, I was taking your part last night. It was as-

serted, in company that you went to bed every night drunk.” “I thank you very much. It was a confounded lie. No, no; I never go to bed *drunk*, but I confess that I seldom go to bed *sober*.” This poor gentleman is now no more; he descended to the grave, not with the hoary honors of a ripened old age, but prematurely, with injured fortune and shattered constitution, leaving behind him little better than an example to be shunned.

The last case which I shall adduce is that of an apothecary (not one of the self-dubbed *esquires* who flourished in print some time ago, on an occasion of which I forget the particulars), a simple unassuming man, who filled the situation of assistant-apothecary to a public institution. His attendance upon the physicians of the establishment referred to, and observation of their treatment of diseases, led him to acquire a considerable fund of medical knowledge, and though he had no reasonable prospect of obtaining any medical degree, that he could not,

“With grand diploma, practice legal slaughter,  
Despatch with drugs, or boil you in salt water.”

He had, as I have already stated, a *pretty considerable* smattering of skill—at all events, he had an imposing and dismal phiz.

“A son of medicine, grave as grave can be,  
Laughed in his sleeve, while pocketing the fee;  
By learned jargon proved his skill so good,  
And talked right well, because not understood.”

But the story is a sad one, and now that I have had my bit of fun with the doctors, I must be serious.

By degrees, many families of his own class of life—a very humble one certainly—when attacked by sickness, availed themselves of his skill and experience, and sometimes added celebrity to his name and character, by recovering, as they frequently did, under his care. B—’s income was rising in proportion to his fame, and the fixed salary which he received at the hospital became, in his consideration, rather as a secondary addition to his general receipts, than the principal means of his support. His wife, who had married him at a time when his prospects were less encouraging, was frequently congratulated by her friends on her lucky hit; and to her fine promising children the elevation of a step or two in the scale of rank, beyond that of their parents, was prophesied. Their education was not disregarded, and their persons exhibited all that creditable neatness which is usually found in families of good means and respectable character. The sun of prosperity was now shining full on this happy family, when a dismal cloud overcast it for ever. The love of *dram-drinking* seized the unhappy B—; and, from that moment, he ceased to prosper, and darkness hung over his dwelling. His wife and children gradually sunk into hopeless want and neglect. As the force of intoxication gained upon the unresisting drunkard, every article of the furniture of his own neat and comfortable dwelling went, in rapid succession, to the pawn-office, and then his clothes—even those of his little ones and his wife soon followed; and there seemed to be a mournful contest between himself, his partner, and his children, who should manifest the most striking contrast to that decency of apparel, for which a short time before they had been so remarkable. B—, himself, sunk into deserved contempt and detestation even with the companions of his revelling; and his suffering family, who had excited the envy of those below them, now found that they had fallen too far for any other feeling than pity.

B— was of course dismissed by the board under which he had acted; confidence was withdrawn from him; none would commit life or limb to the care of a confirmed drunkard; and now, while the walls of a roofless garret witnessed the tears and misery of his starving little ones, who, unlike the poet’s happy and endearing group,

“That climbed the knee, the envied kiss to share,”

shuddered at his approach, and trembled at his touch, this wretched man reels unconsciously through the streets in front of those houses in which his medical advice was once received with respect, desperately bent, as it would seem, on the unnatural termination of a life which Providence had employed as the instrument of preserving that of others.